# He Who Made The Lamb

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# He Who Made The Lamb

by Sanguineheroine

Summary

> “You smell like a death threat,” Will says softly from his place in the nest of blankets by the fire, “like something waiting to spring out of the shadows”.

Spring in the woods is lush and sweet. The smell of new growth and damp earth still clings to Will when he welcomes Hannibal with a long embrace at the open door of his home, brushing him with wrists and jaw before slipping inside his open coat and pressing against him.

“What has Jack so wound up?” Will asks, wrinkling his nose at the acrid scents of anxiety and aggravation soaked into the lapels of Hannibal’s suit.

Hannibal’s laugh is a quiver beneath Will’s cheek, brief and sweet with genuine joy. He rests his head atop Will’s and Will can feel him smile.

“The prosecutor has declined to press charges against Abigail. He has sealed the investigation records and cautioned the FBI against further surveillance.”

“She can come home,” Will says wonderingly, and then, blushing, “I mean, she can - we can-”

“Yes, darling,” Hannibal agrees softly, “she can come home.”

He hasn’t had a home since he ran from his *senelis* ’ hunting cabin with blood beneath his nails and Mischa’s teeth in his pocket. He had wandered, sweating with rut and shaking with cold, until the soldiers had returned him to the towering shadows of Lecter Vargas. He had never again called it *home* .

Silently, Will draws him to the bathroom and runs the shower. Hannibal watches Will’s scarred neck with greedy eyes while Will lathers him with olive oil and sea-salt soap to wash away the smells of the outside world. Beyond the drum of the water, he can hear the soft rumble of Will’s purr.

He draws Will to him and fits his teeth into the silver bloom of his mating bite. Will shudders beneath his mouth and his purr is interrupted by a surprised chirp, which melts into a moan when Hannibal brings his hands to cup Will’s chest. The ripe curves fit neatly within his palms, soft secrets that Hannibal is thrilled to hold. He slips between Will’s thighs, angles himself carefully to brush against Will’s lips and feel the warm promise of slick against his cock. Then Will is stroking himself and on each pull his calloused fingers slip over Hannibal’s most sensitive skin, newly exposed by his thrusts. It is a matter of minutes before Will’s breath stutters and he arches back against Hannibal’s chest. When he cries out it is guttural; a low, pained, moan that triggers Hannibal’s own orgasm.

Hannibal’s canines pierce the thin skin just beneath Will’s hairline and his nails press into Will’s belly. When Hannibal comes back to himself, he sees he has left a scatter of dark red crescent bruises over Will’s womb.

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Hannibal brings Abigail to Wolf Trap on a Wednesday afternoon. The edges of Will’s yard are green with new boughs and sweet with mint and chamomile, and the dogs rub what they

have gathered from the woods all over Abigail's new dark jeans. Hannibal raises his arms and scatters homemade treats along the newly-dug garden beds, turning them from their interest in his sharply pressed slacks and ferociously shined loafers.

Will smiles and raises his own arms to Abigail. She goes without thought and holds him tight, her knobbly elbows dug into the tender flesh of his waist. Her scent is crisp and clean like new pine, with a rich undertone that Will recognises as Hannibal and something similar to his own recent content. It's the scent of happiness and home.

The dogs, sated now and curious, gather around Abigail's legs in a whirl of wagging tales and eagerly dancing paws. They herd her to the porch steps then part gracefully to allow her passage up to the shining blue door. With a nod from Will, Abigail unlocks it with a key drawn from her vest pocket, still smelling of friction and brass.

They enter in file with Hannibal last, scanning the gloaming at the edges of the yard before he closes the door. Will sees the flare of his nostrils and the distance in his stare and feels a chill distinct from the still-icy evening breeze. Hannibal waits patiently for Will to wipe each paw and claw before he closes and locks both doors.

Hannibal waits until he is alone to unbutton his cuffs and mark the edges of the doorway. He trails his fingers along timber and paper and cloth and thinks of the taste of fresh blood, the sharp crack of breaking bones. He smothers the scent of his family beneath layers of warning and intent, the scent of something with sharp claws and sharper teeth and a mind that is sharper still. The scent of protection and promise.

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"You smell like a death threat," Will says softly from his place in the nest of blankets by the fire, "like something waiting to spring out of the shadows". His nose wrinkles, but he tips his head back and Hannibal drops a soft, obliging, kiss onto his parted lips. Hannibal wants nothing more than to drop to his knees beside Will and roll them both in the blankets until Will, too, stinks of Hannibal's bloody promises.

Instead, he strips and seals his clothing immediately into a dry cleaners bag.

"I apologise," he says as he walks to the bathroom, "I got a little carried away,"

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In the morning, Abigail watches Hannibal with wide eyes over the breakfast table. Will sees the flare of her nostrils with each breath and the smell of her simmering distress clashes with the scents of eggs and toast. He feels nauseous and unsteady.

Hannibal takes Will's plate from the table, then takes Will's hand and leads him to the porch. He hands Will a steaming cup redolent with apples and ginger and wraps him in a blanket from their nest, leaving his arm snug against Will's waist. His scent is softened now into spice and citrus and the ever-present undernote of virility that stirs Will to press closer. Hannibal inhales, stills, then breathes deep. He twists both arms about Will and pulls him against his chest.

“You smell like the promise of life,” he murmurs against Will’s hair, “and I will gladly pay for it with death, if I must”.

Will places his hands over Hannibal's and presses them down against his belly.  He glances back at Abigail, just visible through the kitchen window.

*What do you see?*

*Family.*

“Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that”.

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